

SONNET LX₈



LEt me sigh, weep, wail, and cry no
more; Or let me sigh, weep, wail, cry
more and more ! Yea, let me sigh, weep,
wail, cry evermore; For She doth pity
my complaints no more Than cruel
Pagan or the savage Moor: But still
doth add unto my torments more;
Which grievous are to me by so much
more As She inflicts them, and doth wish
them more. O let thy mercy, Merciless !
be never more ! So shall sweet death to
me be welcome, more Than is to hungry
beasts the grassy rnoor, As She that to
affliction, adds yet more, Becomes more
cruel by still adding more ! Weary am I
to speak of this word " more " ; Yet
never weary She, to plague me more!



SONNET LXI.

IDESSA'S worth in time begetteth praise,
Time, praise ; Praise, fame; Fame,
wonderment. Wonder, fame, praise, time, her
worth do raise

To highest pitch of dread astonishment. Yet
Time in time, her hardened heart bewrayeth :

And Praise itself, her cruelty dispraiseth. So
that through Praise, alas, her praise
decayeth:

And that which makes it fall, her honour
raiseth. Most strange ! yet true. So
wonder wonder still,

And follow fast the wonder of these days !
For well I know (all wonder to fulfil)

Her will at length unto my will obeys :
Meantime, let others praise her
constancy!

And me attend upon her clemency!